



# On Her Majesty's Cyber Service



35 0 1

## Chapter 1 by ConradG

He was still blinking as he walked back down the hallway away from the toilet and sink, eyes adjusting to real light.

He'd had to come out of The Wyrld to pee.

While he was out, he might as well eat. He wandered into the kitchen. Yes! There was that one last slice of meatloaf. And... he flicked on the counter light ... ouch! that was bright... but yes... the pita bread seemed free of mold so into the toaster with that.

He rubbed his eyes and looked back into the sitting room. His desk, the dynaglove, the headset. He looked back as the toaster popped. Handled the pita gingerly, plucking it from the toaster and letting it go before it could burn him, it landed on the counter. He held it down with a spoon and sliced the top with the bread knife "Take that!" he said, chuckling, as if back in The Wyrld already.

The meat loaf slice was slightly too tall for the pita, popping out the top, and he took another bite as he settled back into the desk chair. With his right hand, he opened the thin dossier once again, although he'd memorized the contents — the woman's photo clipped onto a sheet of data: known hangouts in-world, background details, and the order to terminate. Taking the last bite, he held his right hand up and wriggled his fingers.

In a moment the dataglove would be back on. His hand wouldn't be free again until Silje Olsen was dead.

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

Continue the story

☐ Flag as mature ☐ receive feedback

Submit draft

Write a comment...

[About](#)

[Rooms](#)

[Feedback](#)



See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account